

## Scars of the Past

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Summary: Avenging the past leaves you with nothing, a Character from Mass Effects learns the hard way that there are worlds worse then the one they started in. One Shot, World Building

## Scars of the Past

The following is a small bit of world building that I tried to do for Halo Mass Effect crossover that I had been thinking about

"I'm in position, commencing overwatch" she announced over her radio the completely enclosed head piece offering her an insulated environment and freedom from being overheard or revealing her position "Echo team prepare to breach on my mark, over"

She sighted her SRS-99 and took stock of her quarry, a dozen Jiralhanae milled about along with several Kig-Yar a small pirate outfit with basic training but beyond that a motley bunch however one of them was her true target, she focused her view finder on the only pirate of note a Jirahanae with a messy oil burn covering the majority of the left side of its face.

A short breath, a dying scream in the background, a terrified face that wasn't to different from her own and an almost glowing set of alien eyes that had been carved into memory

\_Tarkus\_

Eyes that were right in front of her again, eyes that reminded her of a life long lost and a past set ablaze and buried

She focused, pushed away memory and thought letting her instincts take back over another lifetime of training exerting itself again, she ran the distance from her target in her head and double checked it with the live data from her uplink

A match

Jirahanae pirate sat its spiker still strapped to its hip as it mocked its compatriots, completely unaware of the death that was only a heartbeat away

She took a breath, resting her finger outside the trigger guard and doubled checked one last time

Blood everywhere, the torn remains of a loved one barely recognizable amongst the gore, smoke and fire everywhere, flashes of light and cooked flesh overpowering the senses and a cry for a family member

\_Sarah\_

A moment's anger flared within that was then subsumed by a focused heart, her hand shifted, a bit of pressure

The armor piercing round passed though the corpse without a fuss, a clean entry though the center of the alien skull followed by most of the skull leaving with the bullet upon exit, the ground was littered with bits of now quite thoroughly dead brute

A pain in her heart returned, one unhealed and unforgotten coursed through her very being

She bit through the spiritual pain and activated her Com with a thought

"All sections clear, Breach, Breach, Breach"

The camp below her disappeared into a maelstrom of light and smoke, the pirates fought for a few moments but were then overcome by either her or the assault teams

When the last hostile lay blown apart on the ground did she allow herself to turn over and stare at the sky, the vengeance that she had spent the last dozen years dreaming about was complete, her family had been avenged, Sirona had been answered for in her eyes.

Yet the only thing she could see was the torn bodies of her mother, father, and her eldest sister, the ruined streets of New Rio burning in front of her, the red skies of Sirona as the atmosphere was glassed away and Sarah's broken body in her arms and the monster that had thrown it at her

She winked again and her HUD was back, the skies of Coral were back and nothing had changed

Tarkus was dead, Sirona was still glass, Sarah was still dead and nothing had changed but her

She pulled off her helmet, letting her head fall to the dirt and flipped it around the glass polarized and reflected her face

Ashley Madeline Williams was what she should have seen a young colony soldier in her early 50's with dark brown bun of hair and smile on her lips, but all she saw was chewed up old soldier who could have been pushing 160 with a dull mop of brown hair streaked with bits of

grey and a dead frown on her face

She let the helmet fall to the side and reflected

Tarkus was dead but it didn't change facts

Sarah and the rest her family were still dead and she was still the last Williams

She wanted to cry, but the tears were long dried up

She wanted to scream, but the fears were long spent

She wanted to rage, but the fires were long dead

So all she did was lay in the shattered mess of her life until her squad eventually made their way to her for exfiltration, Sraom offered her his hand and hoisted her to her feet offering a reassuring pat on her shoulder, the Sangheili mandibles clicked in an understanding frown but he said nothing to her

When she heard the inbound dropship she slipped her helmet back on and locked the seals and grabbed her rifle, regardless of the state of her life she was still an ODST self-pity could wait

When her troop returned to the SSV Clarity of Faith, she hadn't expected her next post be with a resurrected hero

Keyes

It seem like life refused to give her a break

She wasn't sure how she felt about that

And yes the Williams has suffered that much, the Halo universe for the little people has not been kind idealism dies when extinction was a real possibility, also yes if I had the will to write this I would bring back Keyes, but really most Halo Mass Effect Fusions don't run well in my mind just because of the approach to first contact doesn't take a third option most either have one side or the other run into each other instead of escalating in an interesting way such as at the very least, the Jirahanae who in my universe have splintered the Covenant into a hundred petty kingdoms and clans with the Loyalists being the largest group jockeying for power, one of these splinter groups runs afoul with the Council races and forces them to act on a shoot on sight approach, this brings about a several ways to approach a more interesting first contact that allows for the formation of a System Alliance Bloc vs Council Bloc Vs Covenant and if I had the will and time I would write it but I don't

I may post more of these in the future but as far as a full blown story goes, unless someone's willing to work with me on this it's not in the cards- Legends

End  
file.